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THE CHURCH RECORD.

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Historical.

MR. MARSTON TO DR. BRAY.

CHARLES TOWN, 2 February, 1702.

REVEREND SIR:

I received your's on Christmas day, by Mr. Thomas, who is now at Sir Nathaniel Johnstone's. I have desired Sir Nathaniel to recommend him to Governor Moor, to supply the church at Goosecreek, Mr. Corbin having left it, and being gone to Barbadoes, upon a quarrel between Governor Moor and him, about his too free familiarity with one Mrs. Stephens of Goosecreek. Capt. How and Governor Moor lately told me that they had agreed to entertain Mr. Thomas at Goosecreek, but had no convenient house at the present to board him in. His going amongst the Yammosees, according to his mission, is not judged here as yet safe, being they revolted to us from the Spaniards, because they would not be Christians, and if we require it of them, it is feared they may return again to the Spaniards. Sir Nathaniel Johnstone has lost the use of his limbs, and hath hitherto declined being proclaimed governor according to his commissions, and I much fear whether he will ever act as such, tho' our country doth much want his wise head at this juncture, when we ly under such apprehensions of danger from our Spanish and French enemies. Governor Moore, with about 500 more of this colony, lately made an irruption into Florida with hopes of taking the castle of St. Augustine from the Spaniards, but were unfortunate, being forced to raise the siege and sett their own ships on fire, and come home over land. This expedition I am afraid will cost the country 8000*l.* Our men did much mischief to the Spaniards by burning the Town of St. Augustine and their convent, and other ravages thro' the country. They brought us hither a few prisoners, (amongst which are three Franciscan Fryars) and about 200*l.* worth of church plate which Governor Moor promises to the Carolina churches and meeting houses. I return your Reverence my most hearty thanks for the care you are pleased to take to augment our libraries, but the generality of the people here are more mindfull of getting money and their worldly affairs than they are of books and learning. And to show what friends some of them are to learning and books; when they were at St. Augustine they burnt a library of books worth above 600*l.* wherein were a collection of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and the Holy Bible itself did not escape because it was in Latin. This outrage was done as soon as they arrived, by the order of Colonel Daniel who is one of our Lords deputies and of the council here. Mr. Trott (to whom I have paid the guinea) hath promised to send you a catalogue by the first ship that goes to London. As for that specimen you sent me to make one by of our Churches and Incumbents, I lent it him who is out of town. They are building, as I hear, a church for Mr. Kendall, there being no more in the country but mine, and that at Gooscreek, where the Common Prayer is used—Here's one Mr. Williams, (of whom I have formerly given you an account) who is an itinerant and exercises his ministeriall function about the colony and plantations. This country is not divided into parishes, and I allmost despair of ever seeing it so regular, the dissenters which gett into the assembly do oppose it so vigorously.

Mr. Delamotte, the French preacher, hath importuned me to represent his deplorable circumstances to your reverence, in hopes you may be instrumental towards obtaining some relief for h m, his wife and three children, from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; I have endeavored to procure a testimonial and petition in his behalf from the French here to that Honorable Society, but they are strangely prejudiced against him upon the account of his being a proselyte from the Church of Rome, and refused to subscribe to either of them; I cannot hear of any immorality in him, but do think him a poor harmless creature, and have been as charitable to him as my circumstances will permit me to be. He promises me to use the liturgy of the Church of England amongst the English planters where he is settled in a plantation, the French refusing to contribute any thing toward his support My Lord of London's charity is strangely abused by some of the French laity that come hither. Some have brought over a cargo to the value of 200*l.* whose passages have been paid by that charitable bishop, and truly some of them very loose and idle men. This letter being sent by the way of Bristol, I am unwilling to putt you to unnecessary charge by enclosed papers, otherwise I would have sent you a Latin letter of Mr. Lescot's to me; he is the minister of the French church here; by that your reverence might have known why the people have such an aversion to Mr. Delamotte, though recommended to them by the Bishop of London. I remain sir,

Your humble servant.

EDWARD MARSTON.

MR. THOMAS TO DR. WOODWARD.—[EXTRACT.]

What I have further to acquaint you with is God's great goodness to me in bringing of me safe hither in a time of such danger and hazard, and giving me an opportunity of exercising my function on board; and now that I am here, it hath pleased God to incline Sir Nathaniel Johnstone, our Governor, to be very kind to me, he hath taken me into his house, and his family is very large, many servants and slaves, among whom I have a prospect of doing much good by God's assistance. The neighborhood here to whom I preach every Lord's day, by Sir Nathaniel's directions, are an ignorant, but a well inclined people, who seem to want nothing to make them truly pious, but the common assistance of God's holy spirit, ministers and ordinances. There are many Anabaptists in these parts, there being preachers of that sort here, chuse rather to hear them than none. I hope in God I may establish many and bring back some. I have here a multitude of ignorant persons to instruct, too many profane to awaken, some few pious to build up, and many Negroes and Indians to begin withall. I humbly begg your fervent prayers to God to direct and assist me in all difficulties. If the corporation would be pleased to send a few Bibles and Common Prayer Books to give to the poor negroes, I think it would be a most laudable charity.

I take the utmost care that I can in penning and delivering my sermons, and I thank God they are very acceptable to the people, of which they give me daily proofs. God's good providence has allready placed me in the most advantageous post for publick service that I can be in, in having the countenance of the Governor, who is a good man and in high esteem among the people. My settlement upon this river is most earnestly and daily desired, and here is as absolute a necessity of a minister as in any part of the world. I humbly begg, therefore, yet by the approbation of the Corporation, I may continue here.

Reverend Doctor,

Your and the whole Hon. Society's
Humble, gratefull and
Obedient missionary and servant,
SAMUEL THOMAS.

MR. SAMUEL THOMAS TO MR. HODGES.

From my study at Sir N. Johnstone's, in Carolina, 3d May, 1704.

Dear and worthy sir:

Your's I received safe by Capt. Martin, the 14th of March last, with the parcell of Blew Hartford's. For your particular care and trouble, and for the Honorable Society's kindness and charity therein, I return my most sincere and hearty thanks. Before Martin came in, I had wrote a publick letter to the Honorable Society, in which I acquainted them that I had then heard nothing from any of my particular friends in that body, which was more than a little concern to me; I also acquainted them with

the need I stood in of the ten pounds, and with my selling the stuffs sent for presents to the Indians, and lodging the money in the Governor's hands till their order to dispose of it. I acquainted them also with the success of my poor labours in these parts: and begged that their charity to me for this year may be paid as formerly to the Rev. Mr. Burkett; and for a fuller account of these things, dear sir, I refer you to my public letter. I have received no letter from Mr. Secretary Chamberlain, and therefore should have been extremely glad that you had explained what you barely mention, viz: an order made by the Honorable Society, that my kind reception there by the Governor and people should be no precedent, which passage in your's I don't well understand. Dear sir, I am extremely obliged to you for your great kindness, particularly for your Seaman's Packetts; I am glad to see so noble and Christian a design on foot, and I will make the best use of them I am capable of; I long to hear how the religious societies and those for reformation prosper in this reign, and to have some account of the proceeding of the Honorable Society to whom I am so highly obliged; particularly if you receive a satisfactory account of the success of the labors of your missionaries abroad: for nothing would be more pleasing to me, than to hear that the Church flourisheth under the conduct of pious, prudent and learned guides. If your time will permitt you to give me some account of these affairs in your next, you will highly oblige me. Blessed be Divine goodness, good sir, I continue very happily in the Governor's family; and in the entire affections of my dear people, and opportunities of doing God and his Church some service in this poor province. My ministeriall labours are very considerable, being obliged to preach three times a week, and to ride many miles in order to the meeting my people, who are att considerable distances; these publick offices, together with my necessary studies, and some personall instruction which the ignorance of many of my people makes highly necessary, takes up the whole of my time and the utmost of my strength.

But I desire to praise God for nothing more than for the blessed opportunities that he has given me of laying out my time and strength in his service. We have in the whole province of South Carolina but two Church of England ministers besides myself, namely: Mr. Marsdon, minister of Charles Town, and Mr. Williams, who supplieth two or three congregations to Southward, near Edisto river, and myself am appointed by Sir Nathaniel Johnstone, our Governor, to take care of the inhabitants of Cooper river: the town minister has a very noble maintenance settled on him out of the publick treasure, but we country ministers have nothing to trust to but only a small and uncertain subscription. The country stands in great need of more ministers, especially of one for a place called Goosecreek, a creek the best settled with Church of England families of any in Carolina; they have a small church built, and at the earnest request of some of the inhabitants, I lately preached there, and administered the blessed sacrement, and baptized seven children; the congregation was so numerous that the church could not contain them, many stood without the door; the poor people were very attentive to the word of salvation, and my soul was justly moved to see the best and most numerous congregation in all Carolina as sheep without a shepherd; my engagements are so much with my own people that I can't give them above one or two Lord's days in a year, and they very rarely have any assistance from any other minister: I am fully satisfied that a pious, prudent and laborious divine might do God and his Church great service. I fear under the present charge, which the country is by the reason of war, those people can't maintain a minister entirely without some assistance from England. If you think convenient you may recommend this to the Honorable Society. The Governor in a letter to my Lord of London, concerning myself, which I suppose will be publickly read, acquaints his Lordship, that we greatly want a minister for this place above mentioned. I shall add something more on this subject in a letter to Dr. Woodward.

Good sir, with humblest duty and service and gratitude to the Honorable Society and yourself, I am your and their most obedient, diligent, and faithful Missionary and Servant,

SAMUEL THOMAS.

Practical Christianity.

EXCERPTA.

If these little sparks of holy fire which I have heaped together do not give life to your prepared and already enkindled spirit, yet they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy.—*Epistle Dedicatory to Taylor's Life of Christ.*

ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, wite a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out quarters of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man, &c.

Prayers are but the body of the Bird; desires are its angel's wings.—*Bishop Taylor.*

EDUCATION.

OTHERWISE do fathers, and otherwise do mothers handle their children. These soften them with kisses and imperfect noises, with the pap and breast-milk of soft endearments; they rescue them from tutors, and snatch them from discipline; they desire to keep them fat and warm, and their feet dry, and their bellies full; and then the children govern, and cry, and prove fools and troublesome, so long as the feminine republic does endure. But fathers, because they design to have their children wise and valiant, apt for counsel or for arms, send them to severe governments, and tie them to study, to hard labor and afflictive contingencies. They rejoice when the bold boy strikes a lion with his hunting spear, and shrinks not when the beast comes to affright his early courage. Softness is for slaves and beasts, for minstrels and useless persons, for such who cannot ascend higher than the state of a fair ox, or a servant entertained for vainer offices; but the man that designs his son for nobler employments —to honors and to triumphs, to consular dignities, and presidencies of councils, loves to see him pale with study, or panting with labour, hardened with sufferings, or eminent by dangers.—*Ibid.*

AGE OF REASON AND DISCRETION

WE must not think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion; and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly. So is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal; but, before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumption, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary toward his well-being.

And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caitiff spirit; he is run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually: to despise his betters, to deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that when he is indeed a man he must for ever be ashamed of: for this is all the discretion that most men show in the first stage of their manhood. They can discern good from evil; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in man-

ners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life: he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death, &c.—*Ibid.*

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THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Prayer can obtain every thing, it can open the windows of heaven, and shut the gates of hell; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leave a blessing; it can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks, till they melt into tears and a flowing river: prayer can unclasp the girdles of the north, saying to a mountain of ice, Be thou removed hence, and cast into the bottom of the sea; it can arrest the sun in the midst of his course, and send the swift-winged winds upon our errand; and all those strange things, and secret decrees, and unrevealed transactions which are above the clouds, and far beyond the regions of the stars, shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man.—*Ibid.*

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ON DEATH.

I shall entertain you in a charnel-house, and carry your meditation awhile into the chambers of death, where you shall find the rooms dressed up with melancholick arts, and fit to converse with your most retired thoughts, which begin with a sigh, and proceed in deep consideration, and end in a holy resolution. It is necessary to present these bundles of cypress.

The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the spritefulness of youth and the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell, &c.

The wild fellow in Petronius that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy the sea toward the shore to find a grave: and it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or it may be his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his boloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since; his passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death.

Of all the evils of the world which are reproached with an evil character, death is the most innocent of its accusation.—*Ibid.*

PERFECTION OF UNDERSTANDING.

And first for its noblest faculty, the understanding; it was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade, as command; it was not consul but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find, as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things.—*Dr. South.*

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SPECULATIVE UNDERSTANDING.

For the understanding speculative, there are some general maxims and notions in the mind of man, which are the rules of discourse, and the basis of all philosophy. Now it was Adam's happiness in the state of innocence to have these clear and unsullied. He came into the world a philosopher. He could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents; his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction; till his fall it was ignorant of nothing but of sin; or at least it rested in the notion without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his enquiries was an ἕυρηκα, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess 'tis as difficult for us who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful, when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of paradise.—*Ibid.*

KNOWLEDGE IS A SOURCE OF DELIGHT.

Wisdom of itself is delectable and satisfactory, as it implies a revelation of truth and a detection of error to us. 'Tis like light, pleasant to behold, casting a sprightly lustre, and diffusing a benign influence all about; presenting a goodly prospect of things to the eyes of our mind; displaying objects in their due shapes, postures, magnitudes, and colors; quickening our spirits with a comfortable warmth, and disposing our minds to a cheerful activity; dispelling the darkness of ignorance, scattering the mists of doubt, driving away the spectres of delusive fancy; mitigating the cold of sullen melancholy; discovering obstacles, securing progress, and making the passages of life clear, open, and pleasant. We are all naturally endowed with a strong appetite to know, to see, to pursue truth; and with a bashful abhorrency from being deceived and entangled in mistake. And as success in enquiry after truth affords matter of joy and triumph; so being conscious of error and miscarriage therein, is attended with shame and sorrow. These desires wisdom in the most perfect manner satisfies, not by entertaining us with dry, empty, fruitless theories upon mean and vulgar subjects; but by enriching our minds with excellent and useful knowledge, directed to the noblest objects, and serviceable to the highest ends.—*Dr. Barrow.*

If I would be irreligious and unconscionable, I would make no doubt to be rich. For if a man will defraud, dissemble, forswear, bribe, oppress, serve the time, make use of all men for his own turn, make no scruple of any wicked action for his advantage; I cannot see how he can escape wealth and preferment. But for an upright man to rise, is difficult: while his conscience straightly curbs him in, from every unjust action; and will not allow him to advance himself, by indirect means. So riches come seldom easily, to a good man; seldom hardly, to the conscienceless. Happy is that man, that can be rich with truth, or poor with contentment. I will not envy the gravel in the unjust man's throat. Of riches let me never have more than an honest man can bear away.

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God is the God of order, not of confusion. As therefore, in natural things, he useth to proceed from one extreme to another by degress, through the mean: so doth he in spiritual. The sun riseth not at once to hss highest, from the darkness of midnight; but first sends forth some feeble glimmering of light in the dawning; then looks without weak and waterish beams: and so by degrees ascends to the midst of heaven. So in the seasons of the year, we are not one day scorched with a summer heat; and on the next frozen with a sudden extremity of cold. But winter comes on softly; first by cold dews, then hoar frosts; until at last it descends to the hardest weather of all; such are God's spiritual proceedings: He never

brings any man from the estate of sin, to the estate of glory, but through the estate of grace. And as for grace, he seldom brings a man from gross wickedness to any eminence of perfection. I will be charitably jealous of those men, which from notorious lewdness leap at once into a sudden forwardness of profession. Holiness doth not, like *Jonah's* gourd, grow up in a night. I like it better, to go on, soft and sure, than for a hasty fit to run myself out of wind; and after stand still and breathe me.—*Bishop Hall.*

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It hath been said of old, to do well and hear ill, is princely. Which as it is most true, by reason of the envy which follows upon justice: so is the contrary no less justified, by many experiments. To do ill, and to hear well, is the fashion of many great men. To do ill, because they are borne out with the assurance of impunity: To hear well, because of abundance of parasites; which as ravens to a carcass, gather about great men. Neither is there any so great misery in greatness as this, that it conceals men from themselves; and when they will needs have a sight of their own actions, it shows them a false glass to look in. Meanness of state (that I can find) hath none great inconvenience. I am no whit sorry, that I am rather subject to contempt, than flattery.—*Ibid.*

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There is no earthly blessing so precious, as health of body: without which all other worldly good things are but troublesome. Neither is there any thing more difficult, than to have a good soul in a strong and vigorous body (for, it is commonly seen that the worst part draws away the better): but to have a healthful and sound soul, in a weak, sickly body, is no novelty; while the weakness of the body is an help to the soul; playing the part of a perpetual monitor, to incite it to good, and check it for evil. I will not be over-glad of health, nor over-fearful of sickness. I will more fear the spiritual hurt, that may follow upon health; than the bodily pain that accompanies sickness.—*Ibid.*

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There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind, than to do nothing. For, besides the furtherance of our estate, the mind doth both delight and better itself with exercise. There is but this difference then betwixt labor and idleness; that labor is a profitable and pleasant trouble: idleness, a trouble both unprofitable and comfortless. I will be ever doing some thing; that either God when he cometh, or Satan when he tempteth, may find me busied. And yet, since (as the old proverb is) better is it to be idle than effect nothing; I will not more hate doing nothing, than doing something to no purpose. I shall do good but a while; let me strive to do it while I may.—*Ibid.*

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For a man to be weary of the world through miseries that he meets with, (and for that cause to covet death) is neither difficult nor commendable; but rather argues a base weakness of mind. So it may be a cowardly part to contemn the utmost of all terrible things, in a fear of lingering misery; but for a man either living happily here on earth, or resolving to live miserably, yet to desire his removal to Heaven, doth well become a true Christian courage; and argues a noble mixture of patience and faith. Of patience, for that he can and dare abide to live sorrowfully; of faith, for that he is assured of his better being other where; and therefore prefers the absent joys he looks for, to those he feels in present; no sorrow shall make me with myself dead, that I may not be at all. No contentment shall hinder me from wishing myself with Christ, that I may be happier.—*Ibid.*

Education.

[*For the Church Record.*]

REMARKS ON POPULAR EDUCATION.

NUMBER VIII.

ITS EFFECTS ON THE MORALS OF SOCIETY.

[CONTINUED.]

I proceed to show that "knowledge," of itself, has no "power" to promote the moral virtues, by establishing my second proposition, viz "there is no such connection between the intellectual and moral powers, that the education of the former, is necessarily attended with the elevation and improvement of the latter."

Man has a *threefold* nature, physical, intellectual, and moral. Our systems of education have ever proceeded on the supposition that he has but one; and in the systems of the present day, it is all comprised in the intellect. But to educate the intellect only, is to educate not quite half the man. To develope the intellect, while the moral powers are permitted to lie dormant, or rise to strength and activity in evil, is to graduate not a man, but a monster—a monster not inaptly represented in the description of Polyphemus:

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui *lumen* ademptum.—Æneid. B. 3. 658.

Great, powerful he may be—but there is no true light in him, so long as his conscience and moral susceptibilities are unvisited by the only rays that can illuminate and quicken the soul. Human knowledge, of itself, can no more afford aliment for the *soul*, than for the *body* of man; accompanied with food *adapted to their natures*, it is a great convenience and aid to both, but left to feed on it alone, the body would not more certainly perish than the soul. The "portion of the soul" is found elsewhere than in the husks of an earth-born philosophy.

"When we look at plans of education," says a distinguished author, which are likely to concentrate the *national intellect*, and form the *national taste*, on principles of virtual exclusion of every thing specifically Christian, receiving the sanction of public recognition, countenanced or winked at by the mightiest of scholars and most illustrious statesmen; we would entreat its projectors to pause and deliberate, *lest they stir the elements of a latent impiety, instead of dispensing a national blessing.* We dread not the light of science, on the contrary, we hail it as a precious acquisition, provided it be mingled and seasoned with that which is revealed as "the true light;" *but in a state of separation from this better light, and unattempered by its restoring influence, we are constrained to dread it by all the concern we ever felt for the eternal well-being of our human kindred.*"* Yes; the diffusion of mere knowledge unattempered by the "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," can only "stir up the elements of a latent impiety" in a community, instead of expelling its vices and reforming its manners. As the rays of the sun, which cheer and mollify the tempers of the tame and gentle do, at the same time, make more rabid and venomous those of the untamed and fierce—and unattempered by rain and dew, make the a id and sterile desert still more parched and barren, so do the rays of human knowledge, unaccompanied by the influence of God's word, which distils like dew on human hearts, quicken and arm with ten-fold influence the passions of man's nature, and multiply a thousand-fold his temptations to evil, without imparting one particle of power to ward off and resist them. Like many simples in the Materia Medica, knowledge is an element of great remedial energy when compounded with other appropriate sanatives, but unmixed with such elements, it is deadly poison. Its fruit, like that of the "tree of knowledge" for the trial of primeval virtue, without the "elixir of life," is only "unto death." Hence the highest intellectual attainments, the most gifted minds, are often found united with the most dissolute and depraved hearts; and the most polished and refined communities stained with the most gross and flagrant vices. The history of the world is so full of mournful records on this point as to render specification quite superfluous here. But, as an apt illustration of the highest moral results of mere human knowledge, and intellectual gifts, and as a fair and expressive outline of thousands whom the world have made the "gods of their idolatry," I will present the following graphic picture of John Jaques Rousseau, as drawn by one of our own most illustrious statesmen and scholars.† "One of the most extraordinary men that ever lived was John J. Rousseau. The son of an humble Geneva watch-maker, who passed the greater part of his life in poverty and misery; at one time a servant in a family, while, although not disgraced by his situation, he disgraced himself by charging upon an innocent girl to her ruin, the theft of a piece of ribbon which he had purloined himself: at another time the miserable tenant of a miserable garret in Paris, copying music for a subsistence for a crown a day; living a life of licentiousness in a loose sexual connection with one to whom he was not married; and putting all the children she had by him from the moment of their birth, into the Foundling Hospital; disowned them as his own through all his after life; deprived them of the knowledge of their father, and leaving them destitute of that natural protection, to which they were entitled from one of the first and best laws of nature, and deserting even the mother who was entitled to his care, depriving her, in old age, of protection, and leaving her to the miserable mercies of a cold and heartless world, by the voluntary termination of his own existence. . . . And yet this man was the great expounder of the moral and social principles of society. He was eminent as a writer on moral philosophy; a great political economist; skilled in music; a good botanist; profound in many sciences. Whatever subject his mind dwelt on, or his pen touched, he ornamented and rendered of intense interest. He was without a rival in the age in which he lived, and has left behind him a name and fame deathless and imperishable. He possessed a command of words and imagination, and a dialectic, scarcely inferior to any human being before or since his day; * * * * and those were his combinations which he wielded with the power, the skill, the fervor, and the perseverance of a gigantic, but fallen angel, struggling to assail the better and brighter regions of the sky." And this man possessed *moral sensibilities* as delicate as his intellect was powerful, and his genius sublime! Yes, a *moral Philosopher* writing up the laws, and admiring the beauty of virtue, at the same time

* Rev. Dr. Young—Intro. Essay to Sir M. Hale's Contemplations.

† John Quincy Adams.

he was violating all those laws, and prostituting in his own person, all this beauty! So when the Cherub, Zephon, rebuked the great Arch-Fiend.

> ——— Abash'd the devil stood,
> And felt how powerful goodness is, and saw
> Virtue in her shape how lovely!
> PAR. L. B. 4. 846.

The truth here illustrated in a single example, Burke has thus expressed with his characteristic philosophy and felicity of diction. "Nothing," says he, "can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough bred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit, than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like the principle of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil." And it was from no inadequate idea of the effects of simple mental acquisitions, that Milton, with dramatic truth, has represented the inmates of pandemonium of such acute and exalted intellects, that on the dissolution of the "Stygian Council," a part are found retired for the "sweet discourse" of metaphysical quidities.

> "Others apart sat on a hill retired,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate."

And with equal truth, the results of these investigations, are made to express the results of all human knowledge.

> "And found no end in wandering mazes lost."
> . . . . . .
> "Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
> Yet with a *pleasing sorcery* could charm
> Pain for a while or anguish, *and excite*
> *Fallacious hope*."†

If, then, such are the effects of mere human learning and intellectual attainments, that one may be an angel in mental gifts, and yet a devil in moral depravity—if the highest acquisitions of human knowledge are entirely consistent with the lowest depths of immorality, then surely, (unless our learned political doctors entertain homeopathic notions upon the subject,) there is no such conservative power in the "little learning," and the moderate attainments received by our youth in their schools and colleges, that it may be relied upon as "the basis of sound morals" in their training for the duties of men and of citizens.

And if such mental endowments, and literary attainments are found insufficient for virtue in individuals, they are, of course, equally so for communities; knowledge requires no new energy —no new properties by simple "diffusion." And hence all history testifies, as I expect to show, that the increase of knowledge and the increase of crime are so associated, that if the former is not the *cause* of the latter, it has no power to prevent it; and that public morality is not improved by any system of education that does not make the Christian religion its basis. So that our own educational system, in expelling Christianity from the schools, has at the same time, expelled the only means of promoting sound morals. And when we hear even our grave orators, warming under the inspiration of the theme, laying under tribute all the grandiloquence, and exhausting all the hyperbole of rhetoric to set forth the "glorious results" of our "school system" upon the "moral well-being of the people," and upon that "virtue" which is said to be the only foundation of free institutions, it is to be considered only as so much "rhetorical flourish"—*vox et prætera nihil*. C. D. J.

†B. 2d., 566—70. Burke probably owes to this what we have quoted from him.

Errata.—In No. 6, for "domestic *multiplication*," read domestic *nullification*. In the quotation from Horace, read *vanae* for "*unae*."

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

NEW-YORK.

BISHOP ONDERDONK'S APPOINTMENTS FOR THE ANNUAL CONFIRMATIONS IN NEW-YORK AND BROOKLYN.

Fifth Sunday in Lent, March 28, St. Bartholomew's Church.

Sunday next before Easter, April 4, St. Mark's Church

Second Sunday after Easter, and Festival of St. Mark the Evangelist, April 25, St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn.—*Churchman.*

EPISCOPAL ACTS BY THE BISHOP OF THIS DIOCESE.

City of New York.—Third Sunday in Lent, March 14, confirmed 49 in St. John's Chapel.—*Ibid.*

Bishop Onderdonk requests that those deacons of this Diocese who expect to apply for Priests' Orders during the ensuing season, will give him immediate notice thereof.

He also requests that he may be informed what consecrations of churches will be expected, and of the times severally, at which it is supposed they will be ready.—*Ibid.*

WESTERN NEW-YORK.

The Rev. G. B. Engle has changed his residence from Fulton, Oswego county, to Baldwinsville, Onondaga county, being another point in the same missionary station.—*Gospel Messenger.*

CONFIRMATION.—Bishop De Lancey visited Trinity Church, Seneca Falls on Sunday, the 14th inst., on which occasion he preached both morning and afternoon. In the afternoon he confirmed seventeen persons. Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of Waterloo, and the preface in the confirmation office by Rev. Mr. Ackly, the minister of the parish. Very large congregations attended these services.

In the evening of the same day the Bishop preached in the Presbyterian House, Cayuga Bridge, and baptized two adults, and subsequently four children.—*Ibid.*

NEW-JERSEY.

On Monday evening, 1st of March, in Christ Church, Shrewsbury, the Rev. John Croes read prayers; infant baptism was administered by the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Finch, and the bishop preached, and confirmed four persons. The Rev. Thomas Clark was present.

On Tuesday, 2d, after morning prayer by the Rev. Mr. Clark, the children were catechized by the rector, and examined by the bishop; after which the bishop preached, and admitted Mr. Adolph Frost to the holy order of deacons. The candidate was presented by the Rev. Mr. Finch, and the bishop was assisted in the Holy Communion by the Rev. Mr. Croes.

In the evening, in Christ Church, Middletown, the Rev. Mr. Finch read prayers, and the bishop preached.—*Banner of the Cross.*

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Rt Rev. Bishop Onderdonk administered the rite of Confirmation, on Sunday morning last to *twenty-one* persons in St. Peter's Church, and in the evening to *eleven* in Emmanuel Church.

Episcopal Recorder.

MARYLAND.

ORDINATION.—On Sunday morning, March 7th, in St. Paul's Church, Centreville, (Md.) Bishop Whittingham preached and admitted the Rev F. W. Boyd and the Rev. Henry Brown, Deacons, to the holy order of Priests. Morning prayers were read by the Rev. Clement F. Jones. The candidates were presented by the Rev. Henry Mason, D. D., who also assisted the Bishop in the Holy Communion. The above named Presbyters united with the Bishop in the imposition of hands.

In the evening the Bishop preached again, to a very attentive congregation. He was assisted in the services by the Rev. Dr. Mason and the Rev. Mr. Boyd.

On Monday the Bishop again preached, and administered confirmation to *eight* persons. Morning prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Boyd assisted in the lessons by the Rev. Mr Jones. The preface in the confirmation office was read by the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Brown, who assisted the Bishop in the Holy Communion. The Rev. Dr. Mason was also present.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

SOUTH CAROLINA.

From the address of the Bishop to his late Convention, we learn that he has visited canonically and informally twenty of the churches of his diocese. The whole number of houses of worship is fifty-three, but of these some of the congregations have two or more. There are forty-three clergymen belonging to the diocese. The confirmations have been 254. There are two candidates for orders reported, and one deacon has been ordained priest.

A large portion of Bishop Gadsden's address is devoted to a subject in which he has long felt a very deep interest, and we freely confess that we share in it. We allude to the important subject of the religious instruction of the black population. This the good bishop would have conducted with the entire sanction and approbation of the proprietors of plantations, and happy are we to say that we know many such who will cordially cooperate with him. The same may be said of proprietors whom we know in Virginia and North Carolina. It may be that from early recollections, and thirty years residence in our native South, our feelings in behalf of this part of the population may be the stronger; but truly can we say that our heart draws us to no field of labor with half the force that urges us to become a missionary to this.

We know from experience what can be done, and our heart has been made glad indeed as we have seen the intelligent devotion many of these our fellow creatures, members of our own branch of the church, enjoying Christian privileges, and finding comfort in their christian hopes. Bishop Gadsden has ever exerted himself for this portion of the community around him; so has Bishop Meade. God will reward them both. May we be permitted to add as the result of our observation that we think the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church peculiarly adapted for the improvement and sound instruction of these people. Her liturgical forms, by repetition become impressed on their memories, and furnish them with appropriate language for their private devotions, while the regular reading of the scriptures brings them to an acquaintance with the word of God, almost incredible to one who has not observed it. Their case long since convinced us that, sublime as is the language of our liturgy, our mode of worship was admirably adapted to the condition of the ignorant. It furnishes them with what they want—God's word and the fit language of prayer.

GEORGIA

Bishop Elliot requests us to say that all communications for him as Bishop of the diocese of Georgia, should be addressed to him at Savannah.

OHIO.

Confirmation.—In Rosse Chapel, Gambier, on Sunday the 21st February, eight persons.

Missionary Appointment.—The Rev. Hugh Kelley has been appointed Missionary under the ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese within the bounds of the N. W. Convocation.

The Rev. Joseph Mayo, late of England, having resided a year in the Diocese of Ohio, and taken the necessary steps to being qualified to hold a Parish in the same, has become the Rector of Christ Church, Liverpool, Medina county.

St. Paul's Church, Norwalk.—We rejoice to learn that the Rev. Anson Clark, has returned to the Diocese; and on the invitation of the Vestry of his former parish, has consented to renew his relation as Rector of the same.—*Wes. Ep. Ob.*

MICHIGAN.

We regret to learn that St. Andrew's Church, Ann Arbor, in this diocese, has received serious injury from a fire, supposed to have originated by the bursting of a stove, on Sunday morning the 28th ult. Some six or seven hundred dollars, it is expected, will be required to restore the edifice. The Rector and vestry of St. Andrew's appeal to the friends of the church for means to affect this. We will cheerfully receive and forward any sums that may be left with us for this purpose.

Literary.

For the Church Record.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Life of De Witt Clinton. *Harpers:* 1841.

We intend not, on the present occasion, to write the eulogy of De Witt Clinton, for his fame and real merits cannot be heightened by any praise of ours, and might leave a loop-hole for the shafts of party malice, if indeed, there be any remnant of it left. We shall attempt merely a sketch of this great statesman, who was, (if ever a man was) truly, what Burke prophesied, in the fullness of paternal admiration, his own son would have been, were his life protracted, 'a glorious public creature.' He (that is, Clinton) was a man whose whole life was dedicated to the diffusion of private happiness and public good; and 'princely counsel, in his face yet shone, majestic'* with humanity. One whose purity was never doubted, whose reported pride and haughty spirit were in fact, only the lofty carriage of a noble mind, which could not truckle to party and would not sue for personal favor.

De Witt Clinton, the son of an officer of the revolution, the nephew of the first Governor of this State after independence had been declared; whose brother was a representative in Congress, and all of whose connexions were politically interested, was reared and bred to the calling of a statesman. He was *at no time* of his eventful life, the mere politician. He rather displayed an ignorance of those shallow tricks and petty devices, by which the weak are captivated. Beginning life as the private secretary of his uncle, he rose by even gradations, through all the intervening steps, to the chief magistracy of his native state: fulfilling in all, not only the necessary duties of each station, but ever devising new plans of public improvement, and new schemes of general welfare.

His services were freely rendered to every cause of benevolence and social advancement—so diversified were his tastes and acquirements; that he filled, at one and the same time, the three different presidential chairs of the Academy of Design; of the Historical Society, and of the Scientific and Literary Society of this city.

Though a great public benefactor, he was no less a liberal, nay, a profound general scholar. As a scientific student, he merits still higher praise, for he had a natural turn for physical science; an acute naturalist and chymist, with sound learning and a ready observation of nature.

As a public officer, he was not only a sagacious statesman, but also an efficient magistrate.

In regard to internal improvements and domestic policy, he exhibited an inventive genius that hath brought lasting honor on his name and the country, that produced him.

That he should have been President, is the only circumstance we could wish for to enhance his glory; certainly no man since Washington, better deserved that office, and none would have reflected higher honor upon it in the eyes of foreign nations.

But though admirable as a patriot and statesman; the private character of De Witt Clinton, to those who knew him well, affords a still stronger claim on their respect, nay, admiration. In domestic life, he was a man of that sweetness of temper and that innocency of life, as to endear all hearts that came within his sphere. He left behind him a large number of those who loved him as a friend, and of very few public men can the same be said.

Some future Ames may paint his character in those charming colors, that master has diffused over the portrait of Hamilton. Some future Southey will write his life, making the narrative a classic, as the subject of it will continue, a standard character among the great men of America.

The present biography by Professor Renwick is a neat compilation. But we must exclaim, at the wretched portrait,† that disfigures the volume. The face here, is harsh and repulsive; whereas the countenance of Clinton was lofty and noble. He was, moreover, eminently gracious in his manner to his true friends and those he loved; though he could assume a distant demeanor to the objects of his unrestrained indignation and open contempt.

J.

Voices of the Night: *Fourth Edition. H. W. Longfellow.*

We have selected the poems of Longfellow, for a critical notice, albeit he has been reviewed in almost every periodical journal in the country. Most of our poets, (as they are called) never rise above the rank of versifiers; but here is a true man of genius, and as such we must regard him.

The author of the Voices of the Night, (sweet voices, truly, and fraught with deep meaning,) may serve as an instance of how much can be done by frugality of production and nice culture of the poetic taste. Though no one poet can be singled out, on whom it may be said Longfellow has directly modelled himself: yet still, in reading his poetry, you recal similar thoughts, familiar images from certain old masters of English verse, and you appear to imbibe the spirit of a modern school of poetry.

King, Gray, Wordsworth, the German bards, the French chansons, the Spanish ballads, have contributed to form, or rather, to color the poetic faculty of Longfellow.

Much of what appears to us imitated, (we trust we are hyper-critical,) is doubtless unconscious imitation. A poet whose mind is full of elegant retrospective, and poetic recollections; in whose ear the chimes of verse have been ringing from early boyhood, may very easily recur to old thoughts, and the favourite strains of his favorite poets. Imitation, in this case, springs from sensibility and high culture. Of such we speak, and not of servile copying. There is nothing of downright plagiary save a delicate phrase, here and there culled by the fine scholar. We have heard Longfellow compared to Gray, by one whose comparisons are always just. And the comparison will hold good to a certain extent. Longfellow has the same nicety of epithet, the same picturesqueness, the same elaborate, scholarly caution. And if he has nothing (comparatively) of the daring splendor of Gray's fancy; he has, at least, as much sweetness and more of that melancholy, diffusive sentiment, that marks the poet of reflection.

There is a freshness of feeling in Longfellow, that smacks of the old time, when every poet's heart was young. The fancy of our poet is sombre, in the present volume, and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." In Outre-Mer he is gayer and more easy; so, also, in some portions of Hyperion. To look at Longfellow, you would say, there is the easy, elegant man of the world, and accomplished gentleman. But besides this, he is a true scholar, a genuine poet and a worthy man.

Of the volume under consideration, we can honestly say, no volume of poetry has appeared since the publication of Bryant's poems, we like half so well. It is full of true poetry. The Voices of the Night are perfect. We cannot conceive an improvement on them. The earlier poems, are of a more mixed character. The translations excellent, and displaying great versatility; a versatility that can combine the expression of the majestic Spanish poet, the dark sublimity of the great Italian, the tender pathos of the early French song-writers, the deep thought and naked fancy of the Anglo-Saxon, and the multitudinous tones of the German lyre, sonorous, grave, gay, awful, and profound. The best thing Longfellow has lately published, is a rare poem in the January number of the Knickerbocker Magazine. "The Saga of the Skeleton in Armor," is a fine transcript of the poesy of that northern land, famous for its deep sentiment and autumnal colors. Bishop Zefret may give the hand of fellowship to Longfellow, as a genial imitator of the fine models he has presented in his 'Frithirf.' Of this celebrated Saga, *i. e.*, Frithirf's, written and published in our day, by a Swedish bishop; who is a most original and picturesque poet, besides, (a rare specimen of the past race of Scalds,) Longfellow has written a paper of descriptive criticism, in one of the back numbers of the North American Review. We hazard nothing in saying the criticism is worthy of its subject, and the most complete essay of the kind, we have yet met with in our periodical literature. Thus much, at present, for our American Poet.

J.

The Life of Commodore O. H. Perry: *by Alex. Slidell Mackenzie, U. S. N., in two vols. Harper & Brothers.*

The biography now before us was written (as we are told in the preface) at the suggestion of Commodore Perry's eldest son. The statements of a partial historian in relation to the battle on

* Milton.

† The best portrait of this distinguished man, is by Inman; a copy of which, in the possession of the Hon. D. S. Jones, even surpasses the original.

Lake Erie, he conceived rendered this step imperative as an act of justice due to the memory of his father. From this cause, the work, naturally enough, would assume a controversial character. Mr. Mackenzie, we think, however, has made it rather too much so, and more than was necessary. He has, notwithstanding, nobly vindicated the character of the gallant Perry, and imperishably secured to his name his well-merited laurels. The basis of the biographer's labor was truth—he has certainly rigidly adhered to it; but had he given it to us in its natural, calm dignity, (without noticing so much the ungenerous detractors of Perry's fame) we think that he would have gained the same end. The book is one which will be interesting to all, and we doubt not that it will find many readers glad to acknowledge their gratitude to Mr. Mackenzie; and its perusal can hardly fail to awaken in the bosom of every American an increased love for his country and an endearing reverence for the genius and heroism of Commodore Perry. T.

SACRA PRIVATA: *New-York, D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.*

This is an elegant reprint of the entire work of Bishop Wilson. The merit of the production has gained for it a high position among works of the same class. It is the model of books of devotion—the Christian's manual.

The exceedingly neat manner in which this work is 'got up,' reflects high credit on the spirit and taste of the publishers. J.

SKETCHES OF CONSPICUOUS LIVING CHARACTERS OF FRANCE: *Translated by R. M. Walsh; for sale by Wiley & Putnam.*

This clever collection of portraits, embraces characteristic sketches of the most celebrated statesmen, generals, poets, preachers, political orators, and novelists in France at the present time. The portrait of the Abbe La Mennais, the famous '*democratic priest*,' is, perhaps, the most spirited in the volume. The sketch of Beranger is instinct with a fine perception of the delightful genius of the prince of living song-writers. J.

AN honest and charitable mind disposes us, when we see any man endued with good qualities and pursuing a tenour of good practice, to esteem such a person, to commend him, to interpret what he doeth to the best, not to suspect any ill of him, or to seek any exception against him; it inclineth us, when we see any action materially good, to yield it with simple due approbation and praise, without searching for, or surmising any defect in the cause or principle, whence it cometh, in the design or end to which it tendeth, in the way or manner of performing it. A good man would be sorry to have any good thing spoiled; as to find a crack in a fair building, a flaw in a fine jewel, a canker in a goodly flower, is grievous to any indifferent man; so would it be displeasing to him to observe defects in a worthy person, or commendable action: he therefore will not easily entertain a suspicion of any such, he never will hunt for any. But on the contrary, 't is the property of a detractor, when he seeth a worthy person, whom he doth not affect, or whom he is concerned to wrong, to survey him thoroughly, and to sift all his actions, with intent to descry some failing, or any semblance of a fault, by which he may disparage him; when he vieweth any good action, he peereth into it, labouring to espy some pretence, to derogate from the commendation apparently belonging to it.—*Barrow.*

Anthology.

For the Church Record.

ZION'S SHIP.

For centuries our good old ship,
Hath been upon the seas,
For centuries her stately form,
Hath swept before the breeze.

And she her King's immortal flag,
For centuries hath worn;
And through the battle and the storm
Its spotless folds hath borne.

Thunders have rolled above her head,
Lightnings illumed her path;
But she hath kept her way in peace,
Regardless of their wrath.

The powers of darkness oft have tried
To sink her in the main;
But they have giv'n their wrath for nought,
And spent their strength in vain.

She moves upon the ocean now,
By no rude tempest driv'n,
Bearing in beauty and in joy,
Her millions on to heav'n.

Ride on old ship, no swelling sea,
Thy freight may overwhelm;
Thou'rt safe alike in storm and calm,
With Jesus at thy helm. J. N. M.

Baltimore, March, 18, 1841.

STANZAS.

BY T. HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily cups—
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs, where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The labernum, on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air would rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
—My spirit flew in feathers, then,
That is so heavy now,
And the summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky!
It was a childish ignorance,—
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy!

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

It was a lonely hamlet, where the trees
Waved, in green beauty, o'er the whitewash'd cot;
Deepening the shade, as the light summer breeze
Cluster'd the boughs, so beams of sun came not;
Beneath smiled cottage flowers—'midst all a brook
Ran hurrying of to a sequester'd nook;
Then bursting forth beside a rose-wreath'd grot,
Mirror'd its beauties—for to it were given,
To mix the flowers of earth, and clouds of heaven.

All seem'd enchantment in the flowery dell,
Yet all was solemn silence—no glad thrill
Of children's voices, breathing forth the spell
Of hope and early life—all, all was still;—
And yet 'twas summer's bright unclouded noon,
When May's pale flowers gave place to those of June;
'Midst which the roving bee ranged forth at will:
At intervals was heard the cuckoo's tone,
By mimic schoolboy gaily made his own.

Lo! on the ear peal'd forth another sound,
And slow, and time-paced, came the funeral tread,
And one, the bier with fresh-blown roses crown'd,
As though pale silk waved o'er the youthful dead;
Yet ill did the dark pall accord with flowers,
And the bright sun of June's unclouded hours;
Whilst heavy sighs proclaim'd all joy was fled
From him, the childless father,—who gazed on
Scenes, which brought memories of the lov'd, and gone.

There the green oak in civil triumph bore
The torn remains of the once favorite kite;
And the rose-tree display'd a beauteous store
Of rosy flowers, which, budding, joy'd the sight;
And sideways spread a mound of unmown grass,
O'er which such bounding feet were used to pass;
All these seem'd shrouded in eternal night,
Since from their view the father could but borrow
Thoughts of past joy, to deepen present sorrow.

The bell ceased tolling—and the solemn tread
Of slow receding footsteps died away,
Till all was gloom,—for thinking on the dead,
The village children had forgot their play;
They miss'd their loved companion—he who'd chase
Their fleetest footsteps oft, and win the race;
Sadness, and silence, mark'd the weary day;
E'en mothers fearfully look'd on the bloom
Of their loved boys—and thought upon the tomb.

Topics of the Times.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE PEOPLE.

"A' that, and a' that."—*Burns.*

IT is very common to wonder at the stores of information which a particular individual has acquired; but how seldom do we think of the amount of knowledge which every one of the reading community possesses! Yet, upon reflection, we shall find this amount so great, that in comparison the difference between the common man and the learned will appear small indeed. The common knowledge of mankind is like this great earth; the extraordinary attainments of individuals like the mountains upon its surface, which amaze the beholders. But what are they compared with the planet which supports them? Still, few of the millions who wonder at the mountain ever think of the immensity of the earth.

Sir James Mackintosh, in his celebrated speech on the trial of Mr. Peltier, speaking of the order of the garter, terms it "the order which was founded by the heroes of Cressy and Poictiers, the garter which was worn by Henry the Great and by Gustavus Adolphus, and which might now be worn by the hero who, on the shores of Syria, the ancient theatre of English chivalry, has revived the renown of English valor and of English humanity."

Here is but part of a sentence, and just such a sentence as we find on every page of this admirable writer. Every man of ordinary information understands and feels the force of it all. Yet how vast an amount of knowledge does an understanding of it involve! We aim not to speak of the use of language, that most wonderful of all the achievements of the mind, if, indeed, it be a human invention; nor would we detail the gradual progress of written language, from the knotted strings of the Peruvian and the hieroglyphic of the Egyptian, to the beautiful printed page on which the words before us stand. These are, indeed, wonderful acquisitions; but they are such as readily suggest themselves in considering this subject, though not at first with all their proper force. We would consider rather the knowledge of the history and condition of the world, which the intelligent reader of this passage must possess.

Even to comprehend the expression, 'the order of the garter,' requires an acquaintance with manners and customs, with habits of thought and a state of society which existed in another land and a distant age. It is no slight thing for him who has never seen any nearer approach to 'battle's magnificently stern array' than a militia muster can present, nor any more of the warm spirit of knighthood than is commonly manifested by the good folks of New England—it is no slight thing we say, for him to understand what was the chivalry which gave birth to such an order, nor what was the character of the institution which it called into being.

But, this idea grasped, what were Cressy and

Poictiers? and who were their heroes? How many are the associations which these words call up in the mind of every one who has a common knowledge of history! But what were Cressy and Poictiers? Towns in France. And what is France? It seems a singular question But, really, as you stand by the ocean, and can discern nothing but the white crests of waves chasing each other as far as the eye can reach, is it not something to know that beyond this 'waste of waters' there lies a fruitful and a sunny land, which was old in story and in song long years ago, and that in the sea which breaks upon its coast there is an island 'known to fame'—England—

—'The sceptered isle,
The earth of majesty, the seat of Mars,
The nurse, the teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth.'

Is not this knowledge, though none esteems it, really of great account? But there they are, before the mind—those battle-grounds of old; and the mind has a talisman that can call from the slumber of ages those steel-clad warriors who fought there for glory and for empire. Who, that has read at all, has not read of the monarchs whose crowns were there at stake? And who need be told of the Black Prince, the noblest heart and the strongest arm which England ever bore? But we must not stay on these fields of fame.

Who was this Henry the Great, who wore the garter?—and why is he named as a bright ornament of the order? What a mine of knowledge generally diffused does the mention of that name reveal! For where is the intelligent Protestant who has not heard of the Huguenots, and of "their sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre?" The tale of their various fortune, with its vicissitudes of defeat and of victory, of noble blood traitorously shed and terribly avenged, is known to every Protestant community. Who does not 'remember St. Bartholomew?' Who has not heard of

—"Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood?'

And there are many, not of the learned of the earth, who can tell how at Ivry

'A thousand spurs were striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights were pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.'

The author of the edict of Nantes is known and ever will be known, as long as there is a soul left to cherish the doctrines of Calvin or a true love of religious liberty. The Protestant compares him to Constantine, proclaiming to the persecuted worshipers of the true God that quiet which they had long sought in vain, and cherishing their strength, so that, though a Julian or a Louis XIV. might persecute, he could never destroy. The friends of free discussion look upon this reign as an eminence over which the path of society led, and on whose summit man was greeted by the brightness of freedom's heavenly light, though he was doomed to lose it again as he descended to pursue in the vale his way to its more perfect shining. In short, mankind will ever remember Henry's glorious life—the foul treason of his death, and the rich legacy which he left his race.

From Cressy and Ivry our author leads us a distant but familiar way, and on the northern soil of Sweden we find an old friend in Gustavus Adolphus, whom every one knows as the stout defender of his country and his faith.

And those 'shores of Syria!' Every child can tell what Englishmen have done in Palestine. Yet what a fund of knowledge does this require! Still the schoolboy's acquaintance with history is enough to tell him what were the Crusades, and why they were. He can tell how Richard the Lion-hearted, led the best of England's knights to do battle for the holy sepulchre. He knows the various chances which the monarch underwent—of Philip Augustus, of Saladin, of the Austrian Duke, of the wandering minstrel, and the faithless brother. He can tell how often Englishmen have fought at Acre—Acre, doomed from of old to bleed for England's renown. There Richard met the Saracens. And who was Richard?—and who were the Saracens and Saladin their chief? There Sir Sidney Smith baffled Napoleon in all the ardor of his youth and the flush of his first successes. Who was Sir Sidney Smith, and who the Napoleon with whom he fought? Why was it that the armies of England and of France had met there, not as they met under those walls ages before, to vie with each other in the zeal of their generous though superstitious devotion to the religion of the cross, but to shed Christian blood in the land of the Infidel? There, but yesterday, the arms of Britain won new and bloody laurels. In whose quarrels were they engaged? Who and what were the parties, and what was their cause? These are questions which every man of ordinary reading can answer. Yet how vast an amount of information does such an answer involve!—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

M. GUIZOT.

FROM THE FRENCH.—TRANSLATED FOR THE BOSTON NOTION.

M. Guizot is of small stature, and slender person; but he has much expression of countenance and animation of manner. In his action and aspect there is something severe and pedantic, which we find in all professors, particularly those of the sect of *Doctrinaries;** the sect of pride. His voice is full, sonorous and peremptory, it is not ready in expressing the tender emotions of the soul, but is rarely suppressed or dull.

M. Guizot may be ranked as a man of information, a distinguished historian, and holding a high place among the public writers of the English school. He is well versed in the ancient and modern languages. He does not shine, as a writer, by any superiority of style, by his precision, his imagination, or by the depth of his reasoning, but he is less obscure than M. Cousin; he has not the beauty and free style of M. Royer Collard, but possesses a great abundance of ideas, is more diffuse, more varied, more positive.

It is easy to perceive that he has been more employed in the management of human affairs. Like all the preachers of the Genevese school, that school so dry and sententious, he proceeds dogmatically. He neglects the flowers of language, wants pliancy and motion, and his diction is monotonous although serious and confident. His anger reveals itself in the flashing of his eyes, and passes rapidly over his pale features but it is quickly controlled, and there is very little external emotion; desperate faith in his own infallibility, were he he rarely employs those wounding personalities which directly attack an adversary, designated by his name, or seat on the benches of the assembly; but, while protesting the perfect innocence of his intentions, he launches at the opposition sarcasms, which leave their envenomed darts.

M. Guizot treats political questions philosophically, and from rather an elevated point of view. It is the manner of his master, M. Royer Collard. He selects an idea, moulds it into an axiom, and builds around it the scaffolding of his argument. He recurs to it continually, presents it singly to the view of the spectator, attracts to it and fixes there his attention. His oration is but the development of one idea, if that be true, all his discourse is true; if the idea be false, his discourse is also false. But the majority of the members to whom he addresses himself, never allow that the premises are false, and M. Guizot perserves with them all the advantages of his method.

This method is skillful in deliberative assemblies; for it is not by a variety of ideas, that one can fix the attention of an audience more or less occupied; it is rather with a single idea, adroitly chosen, well wrought out, confidently asserted and reproduced under various forms This is therefore the usual method of professors, and we must not forget that M. Guizot and M. Royer Collard, have labored in that capacity. A professor who did not repeat, would not be comprehended, he would be still more obscure if at once he presented before his audience a great number of principles, for their attention would not be sufficiently concentrated. The professors make use of this method of necessity, and consciously transfer it from the chair to the tribune, and as the men there assembled are not much more attentive than students, this process is habitually employed and with success.

M. Guizot makes long speeches, after the manner of the professors; he argues learnedly, after the fashion of the theologians; he is monotonous like the first, and abstracted like the second. He is master of his thoughts, and its expression, because he willingly disdains facts, and prefers abstractions; he does not easily adopt inconsiderate plans, or give much opportunity to his adversaries; nor does he display those transports of anger, those sudden emotions of the heart, those traits of imagination, those touching thoughts, those lively turns, which involuntarily escape an orator, which awaken his own emotion, and arouse the souls of his auditors. M. Guizot is not eloquent.

M. Guizot is thought cruel by the opposition. His flashing eyes, thin figure and contracted lips, give him the appearance of a proscriber. The famous words, "I will be pitiless," are attributed to him; frightful words, if they have ever been pronounced.

It is true, he has of late been possessed by an ardent and melancholy fanaticism, but this was during the warm season, which always kindles certain brains; and the theory of terror, which he has preached, all beautiful as it may be, is *far* from his practice.

It is singular, but M. Guizot does not impress me with the idea of a revolutionary giant: he would rather make me smile, than tremble.—Altogether, he is more of a sectarian, than a terrorist. He has more courage of mind, than resolution of heart or hand. He has rather a high esteem for himself, than indignation against his adversaries; more contempt for them than hatred. Pride fills his soul to such a degree, that no room remains for any other sentiment. He has a violent and

* *Doctrinaire.* Since the second restoration of the Bourbons, a small number of deputies in the French chamber would neither rank themselves among the friends of absolute power, nor among the defenders of the revolution. They supported Decazes while he was minister, and several of them held offices in the ministry. Their system embraced a constitutional monarchy, allowing the government more power than the ultra-liberals would admit, and on the other hand restricting the royal power more, and admitting less approach toward the old form of government, than the ultra-loyalists demanded. They retired with Decazes, and afterwards joined the liberal opposition.

lluded, in all respects except the foolish fears onvinced he should not be drowned, he would be he first to plunge his head into an abyss.

He renders willing homage, to the sincerity of epublicans; but, educated in the old doctrines of he English oligarchy, he believes an oligarchy to e the *beau ideal* of forms of government, and per- uades himself that this system is much more apable of progress than the most advanced demo- racy.

M. Guizot is not a monarchist by sentiment, or om any personal views; it is immaterial to him, s to those of h s school, who reigns, the younger, he elder, or whatever branch of a family. The ue government for him is the aristocracy; the ristocracy of the nobility, which he would have ved had he been noble; the aristocracy of the tizens, which he wishes, because he is a citizen.

M. Guizot has a sort of vigor which resembles rmness, and which always imposes both upon his vn party, and that of his adversaries. De'ibera- ve assemblies, and above all, the majority, who vern and who have need that some one should ert for them a will, are fond of deliberate men, d like that they should lead them, and thus feel lieved of the trouble of guiding themselves.

M. Guizot has that abrupt haughtiness, which es not render him agreeable to the circle around uis Philippe, nor to the majority of the assem- y, but which makes him necessary to them. He able to state the question clearly at decisive oments, and willingly places it before his ad- rsaries. This species of tact, which throws the position into the most unpleasant situation, that on the defensive, has hitherto been successful. e has had the happiness of encountering, at the ad of the opposition, and of the third party, none ier than men of undoubted talent, but a little id, a little undecided, who, eluding the question yes or no, leave him almost all the advan- e of the offensive. For to retreat when offered tle, is to acknowledge yourself vanquished.

M. R. T.

THE AGE OF PANICS.

THIS appellation seems to be more appropriate the present era than almost any other. And haps we ought to go still further and call this ntry the land of panics. Not to mention the ious financial, commercial, political, and other ics, which have agitated the community since famous operations of the United States Bank in 4, we have had no less than three distinct and mendous outbreaks of the same spirit within the t six weeks.

First of this series came the third suspensi n ic. One or two newspapers, who are always ating their duped readers to the marvellous, and culating upon the nervous irritability so com- n at the present time, raised a great clamor ut the want of means and of disposition on the t of the Philadelphia banks to continue specie ments. The consequence was that a hue and was raised, and a pell mell rush was made upon banks, which neither they nor any other banks ld stand under similar circumstances. They re obliged to stop; not so the panic; that went ad like wildfire. It was in vain to say that things re in equally as good a condition as before; that ough our position was bad enough, and very oying, still it was in no respect worse than be- e the attempt to resume; that there was just as ch value in the country, just as many producers consumers, just as much industry, capital, and alth, as before. All this did not satisfy; the banks had suspended, there was a chance to make a panic, and a panic we must have. It was im- mediately believed on all hands, that because the banks had stoppod paying sp cie, all manner of trade and prosperity was to cease; the earth was no longer to yield her fruits; there was to be no more demand for food, clothing, or any other arti- cles of consumption, and nothing to buy them with; panic, despondency, and gloom sat upon the long faces of their victims.

While the nerves of the people were yet vibra- ting under the influence of this shock there came another to jar them still worse—the war panic.— Some serious differences of opinion existed be- tween our government and that of Great Britain. These may be easily settled, if there is no other mode, by reference to a third power and no rational man doubts that they will in the end be amicably disposed of. But it was too glorious an opportuni- ty to be neglected by the panic-makers. Long be- fore any communications whatever had taken place between the British minister and the new adminis- tration, the lying letter-writers at Washington let fly their frightful rumors upon the wings of every wind. An angry correspondence had taken place. The American secretary and the British minister had quarrelled with each other, as if they were to settle the difficulty between the two governments by a game of fisticuffs—Mr. Fox has demanded his passports—we were not prepared for war—the Bri- tish troops were soon to be down upon us in force —Buffalo was to be burnt—Lockport sacked—New- York bombarded—the whole coast laid waste—and in short, to use a common phrase, "the very deu e was to pay, and no pitch hot."

Before this gale had time to blow itself out, up sprung another, in the shape of a "red dog," bank panic. A few brokers, stripped of their funds by unlucky speculations, and desirous of replenishing their pockets by a bold and desperate adventure, began to circulate injurious reports in reference to those bills. The fire caught at once, the panic spread far and wide. In vain statements of the ample and more than ample securities for the pay- ment of these bills were spread before the public; some "lame duck" in Wall street had refused to buy them for the very good reason that he had no- thing to buy with—others would give only half their value for them, and at once every body seemed to think that every thing was going to destruction head foremost; red back bills that were redeemed in gold and silver, and secured by stocks which could not in any way be interfered with by the banks, were proscribed to such a degree, that a man could hardly buy a sixpenny loaf of bread with a hat full of them; offer one of them even to a wood sawyer or a chimney sweep, and he would at once put his thumb to his nose, and twirling his four fingers, ask if you saw "any thing green about this child?" And as for passing them in the ordi- nary course of trade, you might as well offer live rattle snakes in payment as "red dog" bills; the green eyes of the former would not have been more repulsive than the red backs of the latter. But this idle panic is now passing away, and those who have filled their pockets by means of it, are chuck- ling over their success, and laughing at the nerv- ousness of the public, upon which they practice.

Such are the three panics which have prevailed within the short space of six weeks: what will come next to fright the world from its propriety, must be left for time to reveal. Whatever it may be, we ask no more than that it may prove as harm- less as will each of the subjects to which we have which they have excited, leading timorous men to great and useless sacrifices. Among the numerous benevolent associations of the day, ought we not to have an "anti-panic society?"—*New-York Sun.*

[From the Canadian Patriot, of March 2d.]

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

In our last, we made some passing comment on a strange and almost unaccountable rise and pro- gress of a strong anti-English feeling, which every year seems to furnish with additional strength, in the Republic of America,—we glanced at the con- duct and the result of the late war with that power, and we now desire to make a few remarks on the probable event of another struggle. Upper Canada then possessed 40,000 inhabitants, she has now half a million About a thousand regular troops then guarded her frontier. Now upwards of fifteen thousand soldiers—Horse, Foot, and Artillery, the very *elite* of the British army, are quartered in the United Province. The events of the last three years have enured the loyal population to the use of arms, and at least fifty thousand militia, deci- dedly superior in practice and discipline, to the same class of soldiers on the opposite shore, could be ready at a short notice to co-operate with the regular troops. To begin with the St. Lawrence —Quebec we may assume to be rather unlikely to witness an American fleet beneath its seaward ramparts—or a tumultuary force of militia storming at its unrivalled fortifications. While the red cross floats on Cape Diamond, England holds un- disputed sway over the navigation of the St. Law- rence. Then comes Montreal. This city has a population of thirty thousand, and a large garrison of regular troops,—it is difficult of access to an in- vading army, and we should not anticipate until a lapse of eighteen months or two years, after the commencement of hostilities, our neighbours being able to dispatch a sufficiently disciplined Army, with a proper Commissariat, artillery and ordinance, with even a chance of success against a post so important. Last war, the army of General Wilkinson, which took, we believe, some fifteen months to prepare, was driven back, when in full march on Montreal, by a sixth of its num- ber, at Chrysler's Farm. Let us then ascend the stream. At present we have a vast preponderance of steam vessels on Lake Ontario; and in the event of hostilities would be more likely to in- crease than diminish our advantages resulting therefrom. Experience proves that whichever power has command of the Lake, need fear little, either of annoyance or invasion, from their oppo- nents This superiorty we are justified by facts, in assuming that we shall enjoy on Lake Ontario, and thereby ensure the protection and safety of the most valuable section and most populous towns of the Province. On Lake Erie, and Huron, our enemies would probably enjoy a naval superiority, and could invade our western country, in spite of us. Well, if they did, what would they find to burn, capture, or plunder, but farm-houses or petty hamlets? Infinite mischief and annoyance could be done by the invaders, but little could they effect toward the subjugation of Canada. Any conquest of this country, must *be made at the other end*—let our enemies cut off our communication with the ocean, and the upper country will fall, *but not till then.* While Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and the command of Lake Ontario, remain with us, we fear little for the destruction of England's su- premacy,—or the triumphs of our covetous neigh- bours.

Besides, America has had bitter experience of the reluctance of her Militia to enter as invaders a

foreign country. At Queenston, the soldiers of Van Rensselaer looked on and saw their unhappy comrades hurled over the heights, and pleaded as an excuse for their not crossing to their aid, *that they were not bound by law to serve out of their own country.* No men will fight more desperately in defence of their soil than the Americans—but we doubt much that their alacrity to come into Canada as invaders, will be increased by the consciousness that they will be encountered on their landing by some of England's most dashing regular troops, and a host of militia that have proved themselves, on more than one occasion, not unworthy to fight by the side of such practised warriors.

We now turn to the Atlantic seaboard, where America will pay the bitterest penalties for her rancorous hostility to England. We candidly ask our neighbors what profitable resistance their Atlantic cities can offer to the attack of such a fleet as has been battering down the haughty ramparts of Acre, and spreading terror and destruction along the fortified shore of Asia Minor. We know that New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Savannah have within their bounds thousands of gallant citizens, who would willingly shed their blood in their defence; but in the name of common sense what could they effect in resistance to such an army of line of battle ships, war steamers and bomb vessels as the command of Victoria could within a month from the declaration of war, have thundering at their shores. The whole navy of America, were it all manned and in one fleet, could not dare to encounter off Sandy-hook, the present Syrian fleet of Great Britain. We have spoken not a solitary word of boasting, we have stated facts, and reasoned fairly from them.

We are willing to account every merit of bravery, patriotism, and war-like activity to our neighbors, but we ask them honestly and candidly, are we speaking unwarrantably or beyond the bounds of strict probability, when we assert that all the Atlantic cities are at the mercy of England's naval forces? The report of their own secretary of war acknowledges this defenceless condition, and their accessibility to a hostile force. The same official estimates the number of Indians on their western frontier, at *sixty thousand warriors*, fearfully increased, concentrated and exasperated by the expatriation of numerous tribes that once lived harmlessly in the heart of the Union, but now are converted into open foes, and sent to carry the bitter cry of "vengeance on America," through the thousand tribes of the west, from Nootka Sound to California. Let England delare war, and a fearful and deadly chorus of an hundred thousand voices will catch up the earliest note of the trumpet, and startle the American oppressor along the great line of the Western States. The internal foe, the four millions of negroes champing and foaming in the chains of the Southern slave holders, will not be deaf to the same sound,—and a bitter enemy in the very heart of her dominions, numbering a fourth of her entire population, will distract the attention, and paralyze the valor o that portion of the union south of the Potomac.

Such is our view of some of the probable features of another American war. We leave it to our readers to say whether we have argued reasonably on the subject, or written in the language of prejudice or vaingloriousness.

Every sickness is a little death. I will be content to die oft, that I may die once well.—*Hall.*

KANT AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was at this time that Germany entered into closer relations with that portion of philosophical Europe, which had ceased to be Cartesian. England had passed under the yoke of the system of Locke. France had exchanged the extravagant, but sublime Cartesianism of Malebranche, for a superficial imitation of the English philosophy. Sensualism had become the philosophic form of England and of France. It soon made its way into Germany with all its consequences,—with the love of the little and the mediocre in every thing,—the love of little poetry which destroyed the great. Frederick reigned at Berlin; and those men of genius in France, who found themselves eclipsed by the brilliant star of Voltaire, went to the German capital, there to minister, in a subordinate capacity, to the amusement of the king and his court. That which remained of theology and religion in Germany they turned into ridicule. Frederick was delighted with this contest between the old theologians and the new philosophers. He paid the former, but he gave them over to the sarcasms of Lamettrie and the Marquis d'Argens; and the ancient theology retreated before the spirit of modern philosophy.

Thus there was no law, no liberty no national poetry. Despotic governments hired foreign sophists to destroy the old German spirit; theology crouched uresistingly beneath the combined weight of ridicule and skepticism; instead of philosophy, a sort of dogmatic frivolousness held the ascendency, giving to the world, not the folios which were the respectable memorials of the ancient theology, but a few epigrams and meagre pamphlets. Such was the state in which Kant found Germany.

I mistake. One man preceded Kant, to whom belongs the honor of having been the first to oppose himself boldly to the servile and despotic trifling of the court of Frederick. Klopstock, a man of the country, simple and grave, a Christian and a German in the eighteenth century, discovered in his soul those inspired songs which were hailed, from one end of Germany to the other, as the dawn of a true, national poetry. The court of Berlin was alone unmoved. It was in vain that Klopstock presented to Frederick, in sublime verse the apology of the German muse. The great king did not understand the loyal patriot; but his countrymen understood him. German literature entered at once the path which the genius of Klopstock opened to it; and even before the death of Frederick, there appeared a number of national poems, which every body learned by heart. But what was the character of this new poetry? With the feeling of patriotism, there returned the religious spirit; and there returned, also, the meditative and pensive genius of ancient and immortal Germany, and that love, sweet and pure, which as seen in Klopstock and Burger, is so nobly contrasted with the mawkishness and grossness of the anacreontic poetry, which reigned in the saloons and courts of the eighteenth century.

In the midst of this great movement a native of Königsberg, who, like Socrates, seldom went beyond the walls of his birth-place, published a work on philosophy. At first it was little read, and almost unnoticed; afterwards, it slowly found its way to some chosen spirits; at the end of eight or ten years it produced important changes in Germa y, and finally it regenerated philosophy, as the Messiah had regenerated poetry. Kant first directed his studies to theology and the learned languages: he had an extraordinary talent for mathematics, and he made some discoveries in astronomy. But philosophy presided over all his labors, and, at length, absorbed every other taste. This became his true vocation, and his principal glory. His distinctive character was a scrupulous integrity, and a conscience, honest and unbending, which recoiled from the shameful consequences of the fashionable philosophy. But, on the other hand, his dread of sensualism was hardly surpassed by his fear of the dangerous conclusions—such he regarded them—of the metaphysics of th schools. We may say that Hume was a perpetual spectre to Kant; as soon as he endeavored to take one step backward on the old track, the former appeared, and turned him from his purpose. The whole effort of Kant was to shelter philosophy from the attacks of Hume's skepticism, by giving it a place between the ancient dogmatism, and the sensualism of Locke and Condillac.

But it is particularly in moral philosophy, that Kant, without resorting to the mysticism of the middle ages, has assailed the skepticism of the eighteenth century. At a time when pleasure, interest and happiness were the only topics of discussion in France, Italy and Engla d, a voice was heard at Königsberg, which called back the soul to a consciousness of its dignity; and proclaimed to individuals and to nations, that there was something above the attractions of pleasure and the calculations of interest—a rule, a law, unchangeable and obligatory every where, always, in every condition, social or private—*the law of duty.* The idea of duty is the centre of Kant's morality, and his morality is the cen tre of his philosophy. The doubts which severe metaphysical inquiries create, morality resolves, and, by its light, illumines, at the same time, politics and religion. If there be in man the idea of a law superior to passion and t interest, and his existence is not a contradiction or a problem which cannot be solved, he must b able to obey that law: if he *ought* he *can:* dut implies liberty. On the other hand, if duty i superior to happiness, it is necessary, in extrem cases, to sacrifice the latter to the former. Stil between the two there is an eternal harmon which, though disturbed for a moment, reas upholds and imposes even, so to speak, on existen and its author. Hence there must be a God superi to all secondary causes, who will maintain, som where, the harmony of virtue and happiness. Hen a God and a life to come. And the idea of du implies, again, the idea of right. My duty to y is your right in respect to me; and so your duty me is my right in respect to you. Here we hav social morality, a national right, a political philo phy, widely different from the uncurbed policy passion, and the tortuous policy of interest.

Such, in a few words, are the noble feature the new system which Kant has given to Germa and Germany to Europe. It is undoubtedly t that the Scottish philosophers had made a sim attempt. At Edinburgh, the sagacious Reid conceived almost the same thoughts with the g philosopher of Königsberg. But what was on rough sketch in Scotland, became a precise accurate system under the strong hand of K Here is the last step, the highest developmen the spirit of the eighteenth century;—the Sco school being the first step, and the point of depar Kant crowns and closes the century. I do hesitate to say that Kant is to this period in phi phy, what the French revolution is in politica social order. Kant, born in 1724, publishe Critique of the Pure Speculative Reason, in 1

his Critique of the Pure Practical Reason, in 1788; his Agreement of Religion with Reason, in 1793; his Metaphysical Principles of Right, in 1799; and, after some other works, he died at Königsberg, in 1804. He belonged to the eighteenth century; and, at the same time, he opened another which is called to a very different destiny, both in politics and philosophy.—*The American Eclectic.*

LIBERIA.

By a recent arrival, the gratifying intelligence of the destruction of several slave factories, by British cruisers is confirmed.

Africa's Luminary published at Monrovia, gives the following account of the seizure of a notorious slave mart at Gallenas, kept by a Spaniard, known as Don Pedro Blanco.

It appears that a preconcerted plan of arrangements had been entered into between the commanders of H. B. M. armed vessels, the Wanderer, the Saracen, and the Rolla. On a certain day, as if accidentally, they all dropped anchor, one after the other, off Gallenas bar, an began to man their boats for an attack on the establishment on shore. As soon as all things were ready, eleven boats, carrying 120 men, well armed, pushed off from the sides of the Wanderer and Saracen, and steered directly for the bar, passing through which they entered the river and began to near the field of action.

Don Pedro Blanco's establishment is situated in a handsome little island, a short distance up the river, and so surrounded by trees as to prevent their seeing very distinctly the approach of any boats, unless from a kind of observatory, which on this occasion was not occupied. Lt. Denham, who took the command of the expedition, proceeded, therefore, unobserved, until the alarm was at last given, and the fears of the Spaniards were aroused. At first, however, they supposed it was only a party of pleasure, designing to pull about the river and then return on board. But soon the nearing of the boats directly toward the factories told the whole tale. In a moment all was affright and consternation. Not the least resistance was offered—not a musket fired. The slavers had just time enough, and but that, to secure their papers, and, taking the slaves they had on hand, made their escape to the bush, where they remained concealed.—The British officers and men landed, took possession of the establishment, destroyed a quantity of property, but had not burned the building when Captain ——— left. It was supposed they would pursue them, and leave a small force to occupy the premises.

Upon hearing of the capture of Gallenas, Canot, who kept a large slave factory on New Cess River, about 15 miles below Bassa Cove, concluded to compromise; and, when the British cruisers visited him, they found him very willing to deliver up the slaves on hand. He agreed to discontinue the slave trade for the future, and to enter into a legitimate trade in gold dust, ivory, &c., upon which condition he was spared.

COLONIZATION.—The friends of colonization will be much gratified by the recent despatches from the American settlements on the western coast of Africa. The prospects of this peaceful cause was never brighter than at this time. Liberia has a population of 4,500 American colonists, and 30,000 natives. It has nine settlements or towns, the most distant being 300 miles apart, on the sea coast; the others at various distances intermediate. Its territory, procured by purchase, contains nearly 50,000 acres of land, and other large tracts can be easily obtained of the natives in the same way.

The government is modeled after our own, and is purely republican; admistered almost wholly by colored people. Agriculture is thriving and greatly extending. Four printing presses are in operation. Twenty-one churches are organized, some of them composed of native converts. More than thirty ordinary ministers are engaged in religious teaching. Many Sabbath schools are regularly attended.—*Sothern Churchman.*

Not only commission makes a sin. A man is guilty of all those sins he hateth not. If I cannot avoid all, yet I will hate all.—*Bishop Hall.*

Miscellaneous.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE RECORD.]

MR. EDITOR—

The last Christian Examiner, the magazine of the Socinians at Boston, (see pp. 136, 137,) contains the following allusions to Trinitarian sincerity. After affirming that there are "thousands in the English Church, and the Presbyterian Church, who have no more proper faith in the Trinity, or Calvinism, than they have in Budhism; and who one day *will speak out*, to the dismay of the ranks of orthodoxy," it goes on to announce the following fearless prophecy: "Let the English liturgy, by a Royal ordinance, be made Unitarian to-morrow, and more than half the bishops and clergy would keep their places and the people their pews."

This wholesale and murderous slander, from people who are notoriously most sensitive and testy under the appellation of "heretic," may astound some of your readers, but to me, who was once constrained to live in the midst of this unhappy tribe, it seems as familiar as household words. I can assure such readers, from actual experience, that it will not require a long familiarity with those who deride us, for requiring reason to be a little humble before revelation, which is the majestic voice of God, to learn the truth of one of Solomon's proverbs, "There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes, and their eyelids are lifted up!" And I can also assure them, that it will not require a longer familiarity, with those who cant about charity, liberality, etc., more than any people I ever knew, to discover the truth of some more of Solomon's criticisms on human nature, viz. That there is a generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives. The above quotation might come in here as an example; but my object is not to attempt a discussion. Some of your readers may wish to know whether there is not a recipe for such slander: such at least as will prove a temporary cure for its venom. I think there is, I have often, as I say, had to encounter it, and sometimes it was cast into my very teeth. I found the following treatment a complete antidote, for the time at least. "Gentlemen," I would say, "you affirm that half our clergy are Socinians at heart?" "We have no manner of doubt about it: their reason must convince them of the absurdity of Trinitarianism." "Well then, I have only to observe, that every one of these clergymen, whom you say are secret Socinians, has solemnly and voluntarily sworn* to his belief in Trinitarianism, and any one of them who has no faith in it, is a perjured villain; and it gives me much pleasure to say that he is none of ours, and to surrender all right and title to him wholly to yourselves. You are as welcome to as many such, gentlemen, as you choose to claim." I have only to add, that I generally found this quite sufficient for the strongest Socinian digestion.

T. W. C.

* The promises at ordination are tantamount to an oath, and bishops do take an oath in form.

MR. EDITOR:—

In the Church Record of 20th February, "your long tried friend of the church," who "prefers to be simply known as John Smith," has kindly given a definition of the word *Catholic*, "PERTAINING TO THE WHOLE," and considers Bishop Whittingham might so write himself, as to write Bishop of the Catholic Church in Maryland. When John Smith found Bishop W. never had so written himself, nor styled himself Bishop of any Church, which he might have discovered before he wrote his first piece, if he had taken the trouble to read the certificate of confirmation, from the misrepresentation of which, John Smith's blunder was founded, he there would have seen that "Bishop of Maryland," was the only title assumed.

In the second piece of John Smith, he makes a wonderful play upon words, that because a Bishop had not *signed* himself of this, that or the other church, he is made out to be a Bishop of *neither this, that*, nor *the other* church—to my younger eyes there is curious logic in this. Had J. S. used his old eyes for any other purpose than chopping logic on the words, he might have found out that other of our Bishops dont sign themselves of this, that, or the other church, but simply sign, Bishop of their particular Diocese. If they are all wrong, he should, with his hundredth part of Bishop W's. knowledge of church history, have put them right, and the younger Bishops might then have avoided their error.

"But Bishop W. knows of but one Bishop in a Diocese," and John Smith wisely asks "is there not such a thing as an *Assistant Bishop!* I thank him for his information, never having before learnt that *principal* and *assistant* were synonomous—or that we had two aldermen in every ward in the city of New-York, two Governors in the State, and two Presidents in the United States.

"I believe in one catholic and apostolic church." I believe Dr. Whittingham a worthy Bishop of that Church. J. S. admits "a good man, I know him to be," and "I will believe myself to be alarmed without due cause." I will believe also in both these assertions, though I cannot believe the time has been well spent in filling your columns with either of those pieces.

C. A.

[For the Church Record.]

RUBRICATED 18mo PRAYER BOOK.

"Ex fumo dare lucem."

MR. EDITOR:—

It would seem that "H." does not wish to fill as "large a space" as when he first made his appearance before your readers. The world, he has discovered, is roomy enough for himself and Clericus; and as one good turn deserves another, permit me from the smoky nook which he has assigned for my enjoyment, to throw a little light upon my neighbor's location. How has he disposed of the evidence furnished by me, of "H's. wants of candor." He is silent. How has he responded to my proposal, that I am willing to begin with the title page of the 18mo, and go through the volume without any fear of being found in the end "on the most correct side?" Again "H." is silent. How

does he meet the call for a table of the errata, in the Communion Service, in Raynor's edition; the punctuation of which, he says he found so bad, as frequently to obscure and pervert the text? For the third time, "H." is silent. How does he dispose of my assertion, that the Editor of the Churchman, when he gave his imprimatur to the above book, excepted the "rubrics printed in red ink for its benefit? H. here breaks silence, and quotes the Dr's. words, in relation to *a* Rubricated Prayer Book, (i. e.,) the large 8vo., published before the 18mo. saw the light! But what did the Editor say touching *the* rubricated Book. "The perfect"—"the beautiful," &c. &c.? I quote from the Churchman, of Sept. 19th, 1840. The Editor concludes his remarks upon the book, in these words: "One word as to the Red Letter, we like the use of it, when the work is well done. But if we must have crooked lines and blurred types, we had rather see a return to the use of the italics." The bed, methinks, is shorter than that "H" can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.

CLERICUS.

☞ Those persons wishing to subscribe for stock in St. Mathew's Hall, (Institution for Young Gentlemen,) will be called on the ensuing week, by leaving their names with Messrs. SWORDS, STANFORD & Co., Broadway, New-York.

CIRCULAR.

The undersigned has much pleasure in introducing Mr. WM. C. DUSENBERY, to those members of the Church in the Diocese of New-York, on whom he may call for encouragement and patronage in the execution of his excellent proposal for the promotion of the interests of religion and learning. That proposal will be its own recommendation; and the undersigned would be happy to have his Diocese forward, in contributing to its success.

BENJ. T. ONDERDONK,
Bishop of the Diocese of New-York.

☞ Several books and pamphlets have been received, further notice of which is unavoidably deferred till next week.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

☞ Such of our distant Subscribers as have not complied with the terms of subscription, are respectfully solicited to remit to the Publisher, at Flushing, the amount of their indebtedness.—Postmasters are permitted to remit money for subscriptions, free of postage.

Advertisements.

The Treasurer of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, respectfully calls the attention of the Clerical and Lay Deputies, to the next General Convention of the Church, which is appointed to be held in the city of New-York, on the 1st Wednesday of October next, *to the* 1st Section of the tenth Canon, passed in General Convention, 1838, which is in the following words.

CANON X.

Of Defraying the Expences of General Conventions.

SEC. 1. In order that the contingent expenses of General Conventions may be defrayed, it shall be the duty of the several Diocesan Conventions to forward to the Treasurer of this Convention, seventy-five cents for each Clergymen within said Diocese.

New-York, March, 1841.

D. BRUNNER—*Protestant Episcopal Book Depository, No.* 1 *Charles st., Baltimore*, where is kept all the Sunday School Books, published by the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union; also a supply of Episcopal works always on hand. Also agent for the following periodicals:—Churchman, Church Record, Episcopal Recorder, Banner of the Cross, Southern Churchman, Western Episcopal Observer, Chronicle of the Church, Journal of Religious Education, and Children's Magazine.

Baltimore, March 27, 1841.

ST. PETER'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Peekskill, Westchester co., N. Y. This institution will be opened on Monday, the third day of May next, under the immediate direction of the Rev. Moses Marcus, B. D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Peekskill; who having conducted a Seminary of learning, many years in England, and being thoroughly acquainted with the routine of school business, designs, in connection with his pastoral charge, to superintend the education of Young Gentlemen of the ages of seven and fourteen years, either for College or the more active professions of life.

The system of instruction will comprise the various branches of Classical, Mathematical, and General Literature. But the improvement of the understanding will not be the sole object of the establishment; for while the strictest attention will be paid to the domestic comfort of the boarders, and every part of their behaviour, it will ever be endeavored to fix in the minds of all the pupils, the principles of religion; so that they may perceive the beauty, and aspire to the attainment of an honorable and virtuous character.

The Terms, for the Academical Year, will be, for instruction, board and washing, $200. For instruction alone, to day pupils, in the higher classes, $50, and in the lower, $40. These will be required to be paid at the commencement of every quarter, in advance.

French, German, or any of the European languages, as well as Drawing, Music, and other accomplishments, will be taught by competent professors, and charged as extras; as will also, the necessary books and materials, but no advantage will be taken to increase the expense of education.

Boarders will be expected to furnish their own beds, bedding, &c., and to have all they bring with them properly marked.

The hours of study will be varied, according to the seasons of the year, and be made subservient to the general convenience of day-pupils.

A school library, and philosophical apparatus, will be provided as soon as may be, and each young gentleman will have the privilege of subscribing to the same.

Public examinations, embracing all the departments, will take place periodically: at the conclusion of which, prizes will be awarded to those pupils, whose proficiency and good conduct have been most distinguished.

The religious instruction, and discipline, of the school will at all times accord with the doctrines, principles and requirements of the Protestant Episcopal Church The holidays will be regulated, for the most part, by the Festivals of the Church; except the long vacation, which will be given during the months of August and and September.

References are permitted to be made, (if by letter post paid,) to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, D. D., the Rev. Drs. Berrian, Eastburn, Hawks, Henry, Milnor, Seabury, Taylor and Wainright; the Rev. Messrs. Forbes, Higbee, Price, and Verren, and Messrs. Swords, Stanford & Co., New-York; the Rev. Wm. L. Johnson, Jamaica, L. I.; the Rev. Drs. Barry and Beasly, New-Jersey; and to the Wardens and Vestry of St. Peter's Church, Peekskill.

Further information may also be obtained from the Principal, who will be happy to answer any inquiries which may be directed to him on the subject of the Institution.

Peekskill, March 20th, 1841. 18

PALMERS CHURCH HISTORY, 2nd Edition. The rapid sale of the first edition of this valuable book, has fully tested the public estimation of its value. The second edition is now in press, and will be ready prior to the first of April Orders from the clergy and laity respectfully solicited by

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18 152 *Broadway.*

DEVOTIONAL BOOKS.—The subscribers have for sale at their old established Episcopal book store, an extensive variety of devotional works of the old and modern authors, adapted for family and private reading, at very low prices.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 168 Duane street, opposite the Park
REV. ALDERT SMEDES, RECTOR.

Terms $250 per annum for board and English tuition. The usual extra charges are made for the modern languages, music, and the other accomplishments.

The house occupied by this institution is spacious and convenient, and in an open and very pleasant situation. The school room, being in the rear of the main edifice, is perfectly retired, and is one of the largest and most cheerful in the city. Having convenient recitation rooms connected with it, it is admirably adapted for its purpose. The number of teachers employed in this school, is such as to secure for each pupil, a thorough and minute supervision.

The Rector having been driven from the public work of the ministry by a chronic affection, which does not, however, disqualify him for the duties of the recitation room, devotes his whole attention to the labors of his school. He has only to add his conviction that it affords every facility for obtaining a thorough and elegant education; and to pledge to this end the unfailing devotion of his family and himself.

New York, November 2, 1840. 1tf.

CHARLES A. FOCKE, Book Binder, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues his business at his old stand 216 William street, (in the rear,) New-York, where he executes all descriptions of binding in plain and fancy styles, and with despatch.

N. B. Particular attention paid to rebinding of publfic and private libraries, music books, &c. &c. 12t

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ Mr. A. W. HACKLEY, our regularly authorized collector, is now engaged in presenting bills for collection, to the subscribers of this paper in New-York and Brooklyn; in accordance with the terms of subscription.

JUBILEE COLLEGE.

THE preparatory department of this institution will be opened for the reception of students on the first day of January 1841.

The course of studies in the arts and sciences will be extensive and thorough; embracing the languages mathematics, philosophy and belles-lettres.

All students will board with the teacher, and become for the time being members of his family—thus securing a constant and parental supervision.

TERMS.

The academical year will be divided into two sessions of twenty weeks each. Forty dollars per session will be charged for board and tuition.

Bed, bedding, and towels, in all cases must be furnished by the student.

Washing and lights furnished by the institution and charged at reasonable prices.

All books and stationery furnished by the institution; to meet which expense, as well as the contingencies of washing and lights, the sum of $10 will be required in advance.

No student will be received until the current expenses of the session are advanced, viz. $50.

By order of PHILANDER CHASE,
Bishop of Illinois.

Peoria Co., Jan. 16, 1841

JAMES CONNER,
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDER,
Corner of Ann & Nassau-sts., New-York.

RESPECTFULLY informs his old patrons and the public generally, that he continues to manufacture and supply every article used in the printing business, as well as to stereotype all jobs that may offer. He embraces this opportunity to return thanks to those whose patronage he has extensively enjoyed for so many years, and to say that he is to be found at the old stand, corner of Ann and Nassau streets, fully prepared to execute any order that he may be honored with; and the Type manufactured by him is from a selection of faces taken from his old specimens, together with a number of additions of a superior cut; that he is enabled to supply sorts, as well as founts of the most beautiful of his Old Faces, and of a *greatly improved quality of metal.* He is also engaged in getting up by a newly discovered process, an extensive series of *New and highly ornamental articles.* Arrangements are made with the manufacturers of Presses and other printing materials, that will enable him to execute orders as expeditiously as any other Founder in the Union, and on as favorable terms. A new Specimen is now in the course of printing.

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ALL communications relating to the business departmen of the paper, must be addressed to the publisher, (pos paid.)

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